

probe TI with the probe to the

previously a bunch of trees before that- other formations of matter

THE PAPER OF RECORD

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"No Alchymy to saving"

HUMMINGBIRD WAY

Hi it's May, as in "May I?" b/w "You May!". May is the shortest-named month, which allows us the rare chance to thoroughly-examine all possible anagrams- YMA: Yma Sumac, famous Peruvian singer of the 1960s with a 4-octave range and an Incan lineage, hit record "Voice of the Xtabay". Her name is derived from the Quecha expression "Ima Shumaq", meaning "How Beautiful" AMY: Amy Camus, purported secret identity of Yma Sumac (although the Peruvian government formally supported Yma's claim to be a direct descendant of Atahualpa, the last Incan emperor); YAM: it's like a sweet potato (Maybe it is a sweet potato? This depends on who you're talking to); MYA: kissing sound; AYM: this isn't a word (yet)(to my knowledge).



May takes its name from the Roman Goddess Maia, goddess of fertility, who shares a name with the Greek mythological figure Maia, daughter of Atlas and mother (by Zeus) of Hermes. It's unclear if these two Maias share an identity or aspect other than motherhood, but certainly the similarity of their names made things easier when for Roman mythology was subsuming the Greek-- an agreeable confusion. Further conflating the two creates interesting and arguably vulgar results (if we accept a sort of mythological algebra): the only child of the universal mother is the god of pickpockets. Huh!

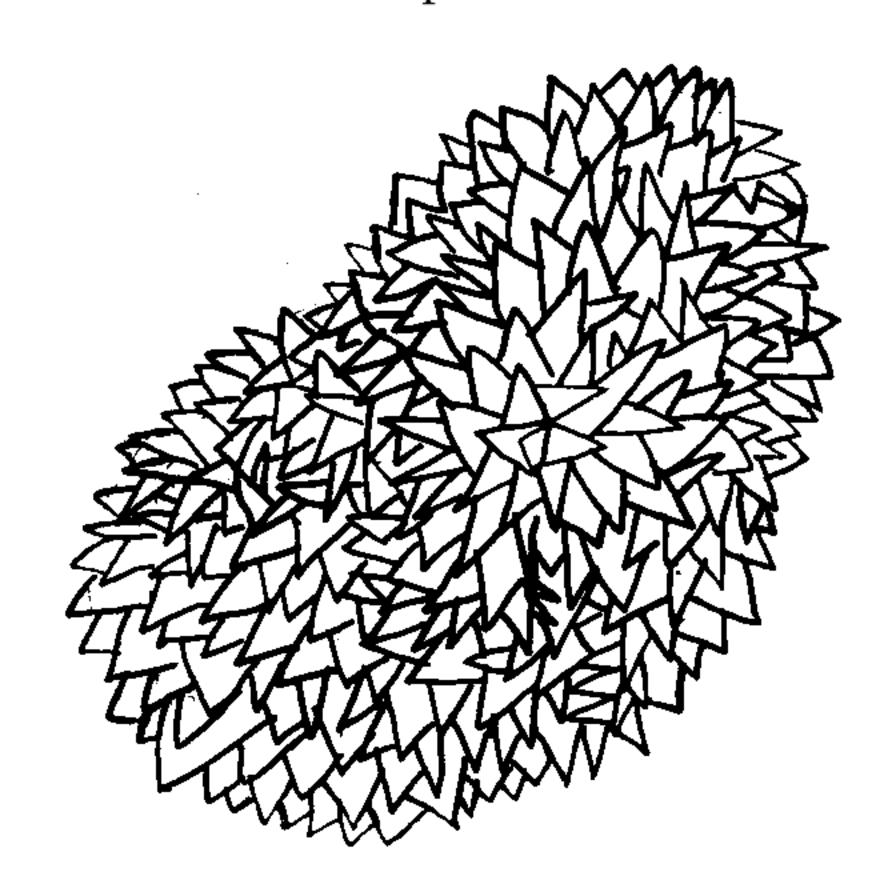
Ovid claims that May is named for the "Maiores" or "old people", in the same way that June is named for the "Iuniores" or "young people". But Ovid is known for making things up.

CLOTHING NEWS

May is once again Leather Jacket Season- it's no longer This Leather Jacket Isn't Warm Enough Season, but it's not yet Leather Jacket Shirtless / Undershirt / Sports Bra Season. Enjoy! If your leather jacket has been unworn for a couple months, get a few good smells of it, a few hearty whiffs. There's nothing like it, now that Crayola discontinued their Black Leather Jacket-scented crayon. Put it on and remember the shape, the weight, the restrictions. If there are any items in the pockets, take them out and examine them. What the hell is this crap? Walk around putting other small items in the now-clean pockets- weird little twigs, pieces of paper, small toys, bits of metal- try not to pay too much attention. Get some pink bubblegum (Dubble Bubble is preferred).

FOOD NEWS

A great food to eat at this point in the year is Durian. WHAT IS IT. It's a large fruit native to southeast Asia with a large wooden husk covered in spiky protrusions. The smell is infamous, described variously as almonds, rotten onions, turpentine, raw sewage, and gym socks. The taste is more subtle. The ability to enjoy the taste is subtle. In consistancy, the meat of the durian fruit is like very thick butter with a sheen of wet scrambled eggs. It is banned on some public transport and a few hotels in southeast Asia on account of its pungeancy. All that notwithstanding, it's good, and it's good in a way that does not readily translate to other experiences. We recommended you eat it outside, or get yelled at.



You can find durian in many Asian groceries, it is the rough size and shape of a rugby ball, though like I said made of wood, and constructed of a great many sharp conical projections. The durian you find will most likely be frozen- that's fine. Look for one that has cracks in it, that means it's nice and ripe. To open it use the knife edge of your WJQ-308 Chinese military tactical shovel. If you don't have a WJQ-308, any small hatchet or huge knife will suffice. If you don't have any of these things, plan on spending a long funny afternoon trying to figure out how do open one of these God-blessed things. Fanciful decorative swords will not work.

All animals of the forest like to eat durian, but the thorny husk deters smaller animals, who would not be able to carry the seeds far enough away from the tree to be useful (to the plant) as a propagation mechanism (NB: this is also why people wear spikey leather jackets).

Durian is sometimes available in milkshake form in Vietnamese restaurants, very recommended, although if you're not Vietnamese the staff may not want to serve you, because they assume you'll hate it, or that you'll think it's rotten, or that you'll think the staff is making a joke at your expense. Keep your chin up and assert yourself- "No, I like it". Children won't like it; you should sternly disallow them from getting sips, then when they argue persuasively, let them get sips. They will be very confused, that's life.

Durian grows on tall trees whose flowers open only at night- they are pollinated by bats and giant night bees. It's said that the fruits (which are quite heavy) only fall from the trees at night, but this is certainly false. Will it kill you if it falls on you? A R Wallace ("On the Bamboo and Durian of Borneo", 1857) says no:

"As a tree ripens the fruit falls daily and almost hourly, and accidents not unfrequently happen to persons walking or working under them. When a Durian strikes a man in its fall it produces a fearful wound, the strong spines tearing open the flesh, while the blow itself is very heavy; but from this very circumstance death rarely ensues, the copious effusion of blood preventing the inflammation which might otherwise take place."

Interesting!

The durian fruit is heavy and pointy enough that it hurts a little bit to hold a decent-sized one in a ungloved hand. A fun game to play with an unopened durian is for two friends to stand very close and toss it back and forth. At each toss take a small step back, making the next catch more painful. Why would you do this? I don't know (I'm lying).



HOLIDAYS IN MAY

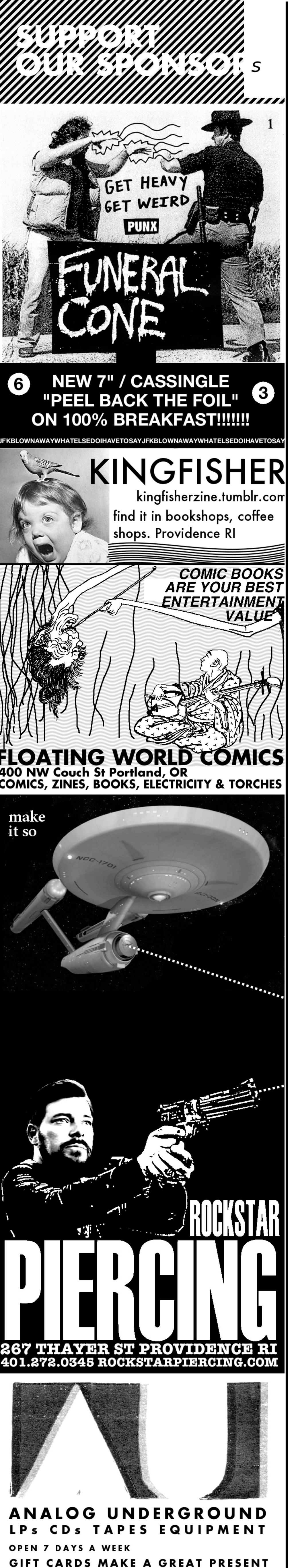
May 1st is May Day- to truly understand this day please seek out a Pagan, Catholic, or Communist (ideally a three-in-one). May 12th is Mothers Day. May 17th is the Buddhist holy day of Vesak. May 18th is International Day Of Capitalism (It Sucks), when we rededicate ourselves to creating a society based on love, on earth, in our lifetimes, and work to redefine "wealth" to include friendship, trust, and honor, and disinclude gains achieved by duplicity, theft, ususry, and (I have to say this) murder (May is Brain Tumor Awareness Month).

SCENE REPORT

by Tom Bubul (excerpted from a recent Desk Memo)

I listen to a Charlie Parker radio show every weekday morning. On Saturdays, it's a Jamaican music show, and on Sundays, a bluegrass show. During the week, I go to my job, where I work on a powerful computer in a fourth floor office with an open floor plan and a twelve cup coffee maker. I ride my bike in on a path that follows the East River and overlooks lower Manhattan. Near the beginning of the path is an older man who obstructs the path however he can. He typically strews boards and trash around the path, or sits in the path on an office chair. Once he covered the path with hundreds of issues of Vogue. Some mornings he lies off the west side of the path listening to a radio, though I have only heard his radio play commercials. In the office I sit on the east half of the south side of a desk; Jefferson sits across, Jeff to my left, and Alfie on the diagonal. The coffee maker is to my right, in a small room of soundproofing material and computer boxes, on a black desk with a glass top. When Jeff and I talk, we turn in our chairs to face each other. When Jefferson and I talk, one of us stands up, or we both wheel our office chairs (me to my left, he to his right) in order to see each other around our monitors. When Alfie and I talk, no special adjustment is necessary. The coffee maker is a Hamilton Beach; it takes cone-shaped filters. . . .





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MUTHERS TOPTEN

"in no order"

- 1. STATIONARY Working on some special Mothers News stationary out here. "In kindergarden all we thought about was stationary and rabbits".
- 2. DREAMS I love those people that hate sleeping, but I love sleeping, it's crazy. I know, I know, "tell a dream, lose a reader", but the other day I dreamed me and Chip King went and got ice cream and I got duck flavor! It was like peanutbutter cup with a little bit of BBQ sauce. It was cold (duh) but seemed warm. Also (according to the sign) it was made w/o duck oil. Color was a warm dull purple/brown. Dylan Going reports that in the 21st century, everything that has flavor is an ice cream flavor, but I looked it up and all these other duck ice creams HAVE duck oil! Dylan that's our nicheduckless.
- 3. FINALLY BEING OLD I went to a punk show in Worcester the other day that started with a Tibetan monk playing some manner of oboe with circular breathing. DW was there and he reminded me of when the Cocksparrer song "What's It Like To Be Old?" came on at the dance party and we all yelled "IT'S COOL! IT'S WEIRD!". God bless all weird old shitbirds.
- 4. CANDY- My new style is waking up and immediately, still in bed, eating just one piece of candy (which is in a bag on my nightstand). I get a little sugar charge, and I have the experience of immediately doing something bad- clearly communicating to the universe that I make my own decisions, but at the same time remaining susceptible to societal disgust (which in this case is warranted). My candy of choice is Haribo cola-flavored gummy candies, which are available in two variants, "fizzy" and "happy". I've never chosen happy, always fizzy, instinctively. It's my belief that fizzy contains happy. Damn I hope that's not too heavy a riff for you right now!
- 5. ABBA- May is Eurovision season once again, time to remember the undisputed kings and queens of the form- ABBA. There's a lot of mythology surrounding the modern idea of "the band", ABBA is a good example of a couple songwriters just getting work done- pretty upfront and non-mysterious. Also, the songs unabashedly rule. When people try to buck up to me about music and the purity of obscurity I tell them hey, ABBA. Make them write it down: ABBA.

THE AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL WORD JUMBLE

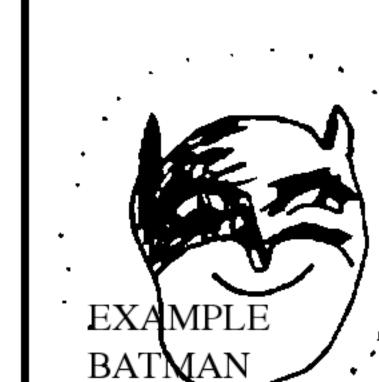
by Ambrose Bierce before he died



VHOLE - The fruit of a	flowe	er c	alle	ed t	the	
Palace.						

ANTIROSHI - A broad-gauge gossip.

LINTILOGUE - A machine which makes a Frenchman shrug his shoulders with good reason.



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SCENE REPORT CONT'S

The office has two barcelona chairs situated on the south wall, behind me, facing toward me. They are always referred to as both a group and a casual place, e.g., "Meeting at the barcelona chairs." During meetings, it is not pre-determined who will sit "in" the barcelona chairs, though everyone can be said to be "at" them. I have seven other coworkers, six of whom sit behind me, nearer to the barcelona chairs, and one of whom sits behind Alfie at the office's north end, facing the barcelona chairs from as far as you can be from them while still having them in sight. My professional interactions with my other coworkers are less frequent, as their functions in the office are not always directly in conversation with the functions of my desk, though I casually interact with all of them, and three of those seven more often than the other four, because those three - along with Jeff and I - also frequently use the coffee maker. Everyone who isn't sitting in the barcelona chairs during a meeting wheels their office chair over to them, to form an oval, blocking the way through the office. Sometimes one or two people stand. My relationship to the Jamaican music show vis a vis the Charlie Parker show is equivalent to my relationship to the barcelona chairs vis a vis the rolling office chair that faces my powerful computer's flat monitor. I find my desk chair comfortable, but I find the casual aspect of the barcelona chairs luxurious, and I like to go to them to spread out. Of the nine or so meetings I have attended at the barcelona chairs, there was one during which it was I who was sitting in a barcelona chair. This can be represented by saying that I recognize about twelve percent of the riddims played on the Jamaican music show, or by saying that from Monday through Friday, I go into the office instead of spreading out.

We get snacks at the office-specialized grocery store on the first floor. The store slopes downward from the entrance, so the further into the store you venture, the further underground you feel. Alfie gets Mint Milanos here, located about a foot underground; I get Snickers bars, located near street level. Half a dozen cousins are the proprietors, with no hierarchy apparent among them. They only divert their attention from each other to say, "Next," and they make change very quickly. Outside, a man asks for the change. You can only get past him by telling him you do not have change, by giving him change, or by ignoring him. One late night, Jeff says, this man leaned into the elevator and licked Jeff's beard. If you don't take the elevator, there's the stairs. Since neither require a key during the day, our floor's restroom can be called public. Someone who knows this visits after lunch and shreds toilet paper. Or, sometimes they leave a thick length of toilet paper extending out of a toilet bowl to the floor, wicking water out into a puddle. Once, I found a stall door off its hinges. The button for our floor in the elevator does not light up. At the end of the day, the stairwell reliably smells pungently of either smoked weed or fresh popcorn.

6. SAM THE SHAM AND THE PHAROAHS-Because Sun Ra is my Black Flag, I pay special attention to bands that are fake Egyptian. StS&tP did "Wooly Bully", the first US pop song to contain Spanglish, but did you know there are other songs too? My dad saw this band and I think it was the only rock band he ever saw live- subsequently: "I think they're probably one of the best bands". Your band could be this band to someone's dad in 30 years IF you dress as Egyptians, sing in Spanglish, play the organ, and tour the country in a hearse (and play at restaurants). Brian Goslow has a signed copy of this record that says "MAINTAIN YOUR COOL". Will do, Sam!

7. KEIJI HAINO - It's a tall order but ok, here's how you do it: have perfect hair, never take your sunglasses off, play guitar, yell (but don't shout), go grey. Mothers News has a rare scoop on KH via a backstage source: he loves sweets. here's a picture of him putting a red rose on Albert Ayler's grave.

8. NEW GUY AT THE POST OFFICE - Where did he go? He was young and awkward but seemed to play well with all the cool ladies that work there. You know how in joking you sometimes leave the punchline unsaid? Did you ever meet someone who said the unsaid punchline back to you like they invented it? And you have to be like "I know. That's the joke.". That was this guy, hard, and also I think his name was GELVIN. Too cute. Did he move back to Canada / Texas / Fall River? Unclear.

9. SONGS ABOUT THE TELEPHONE -There are a lot of blues songs about the telephone-- Muddy Waters was paramount in describing the spookiness of the telephone at night. there's a couple reggae songs about cell phones, most notably Lexxus' "Ring On Mi Celli" and Busy Signal's "Unknown Number". Not a lot of songs about facebook / myspace / friendster / twitter / gchat, because these aren't PROTOCOLS they're SERVICES and social beings we only respect PROTOCOLS. or to put it another waythere's a million songs about a river, not a lot about a fish delivery platform. To be fair, there's one rap song about proprietary walkie-talkies: Maceo's "Nextel Chirp". Aaaaand it's pretty good...

10. STRANGE MAINE - cool store in Portland ME- records, books, videos, noise tapes, stuff glued to other stuff... you know, perfect...



Music is the healing force of the universe

OFFICIAL INFO



MOTHERS NEWS is a free newspaper published monthly in Providence RI by Rhododendron Festival. "R.H.O.D. means Root Hog Or Die". Managing Editor: Jacob Berendes. Contributing Editors: A Dripping Cloud Of Ghouls. Official Grant Writer- Ali Reid. Helpful in many ways- Ian Funn. Copyright 2013 THE EDITORS.

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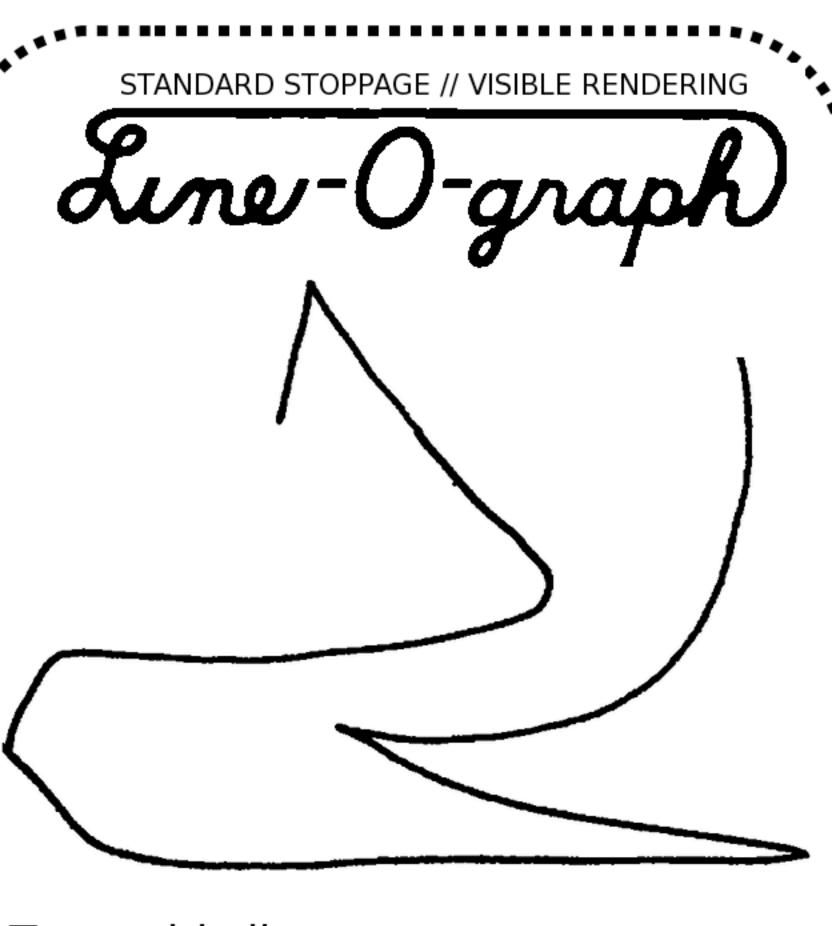
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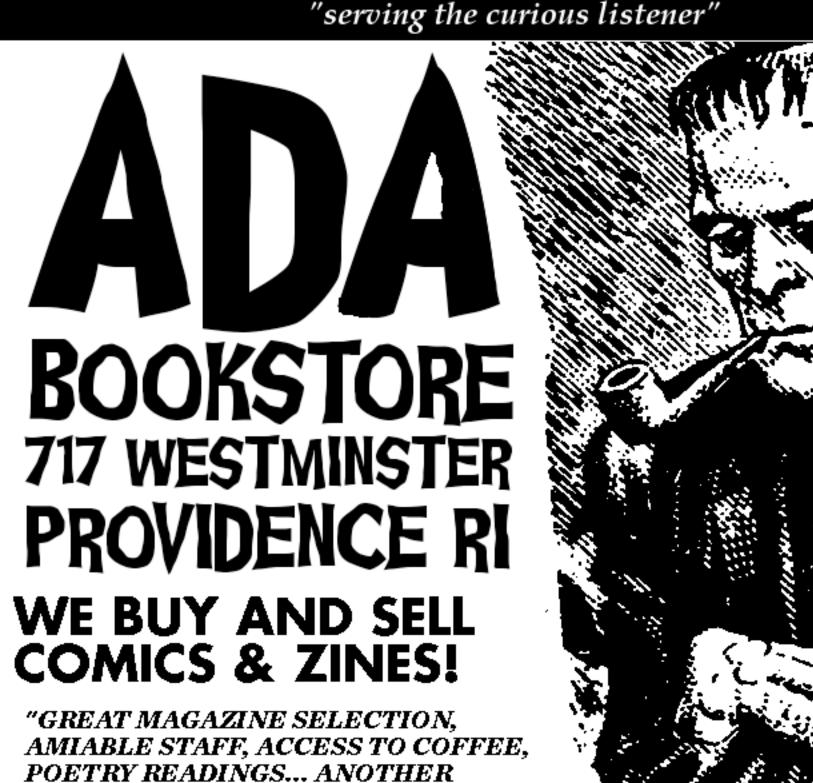
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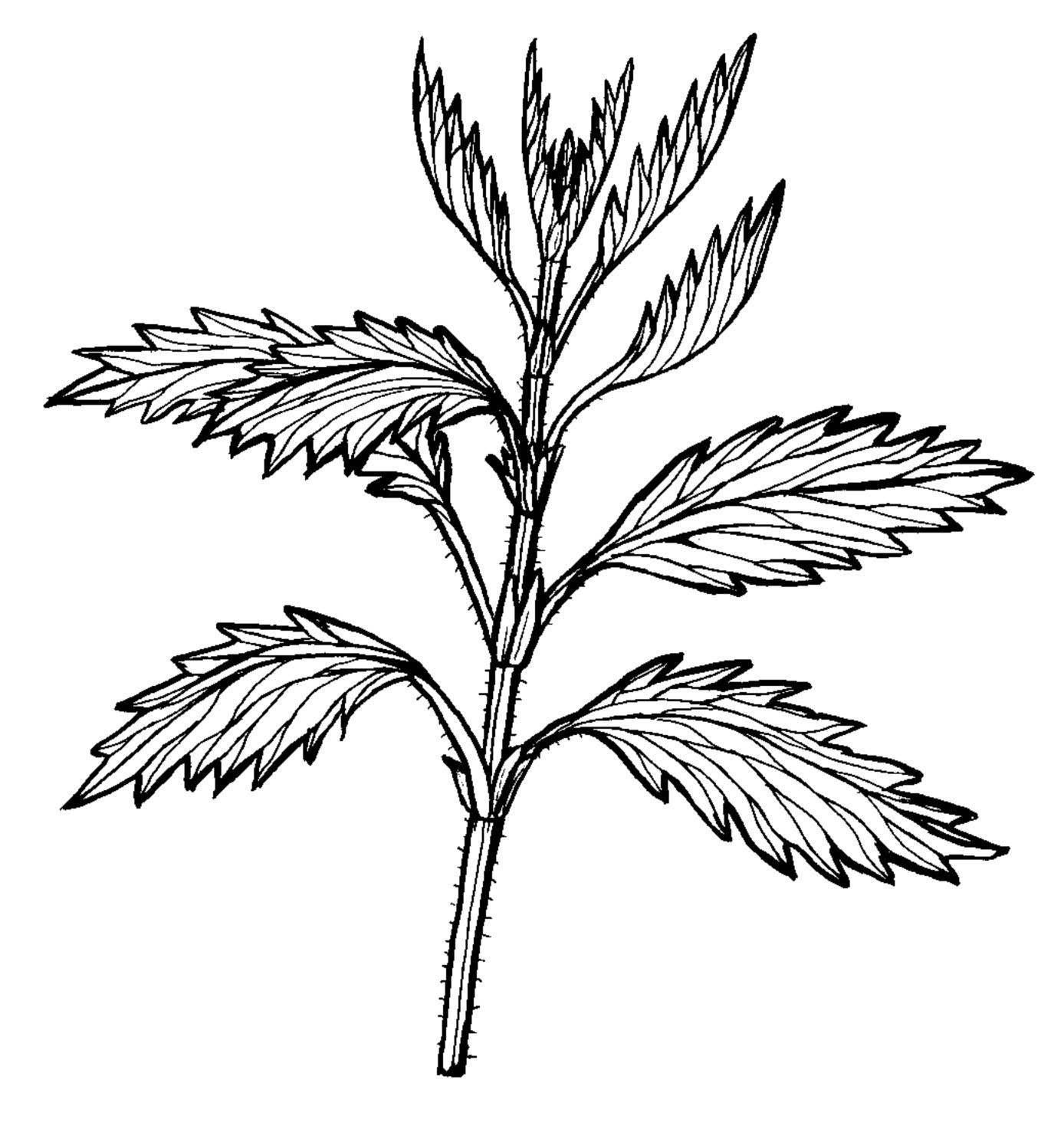




JEWLERY AND STUFF

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by Roby Newton



Nettles urtica diotica

Urtica dioica is often mistaken for a swarm of bees or a trampled wasp's nest, as its stems and petioles are armed with needle-like hairs that inject various chemical irritants into the skin. Some pain enthusiasts find the experience thrilling, urtication (lashing with nettles) is a long-used remedy for those suffering arthritis, as well as a source of terror for children wandering the woods.

Nettles are a nutritionally potent food source, rivaling the densest of cultivated greens. A traditional spring tonic, nettles feed the blood, strengthen the kidneys and liver, alleviate the symptoms of allergies, tone the reproductive system, and taste so delicious that one will joyfully tolerate any discomfort involved in harvesting them.

Boiling disarms the stinging hairs, and the bright green broth makes a vitamin and mineral-packed base for miso soup.

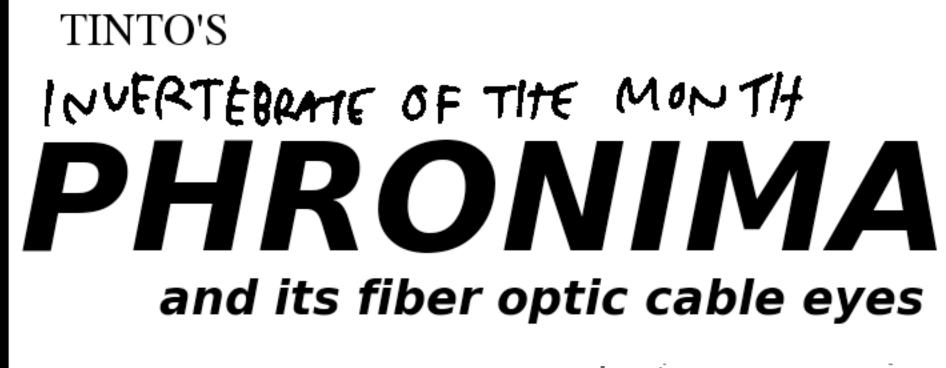
SCENE REPORT CONT'S

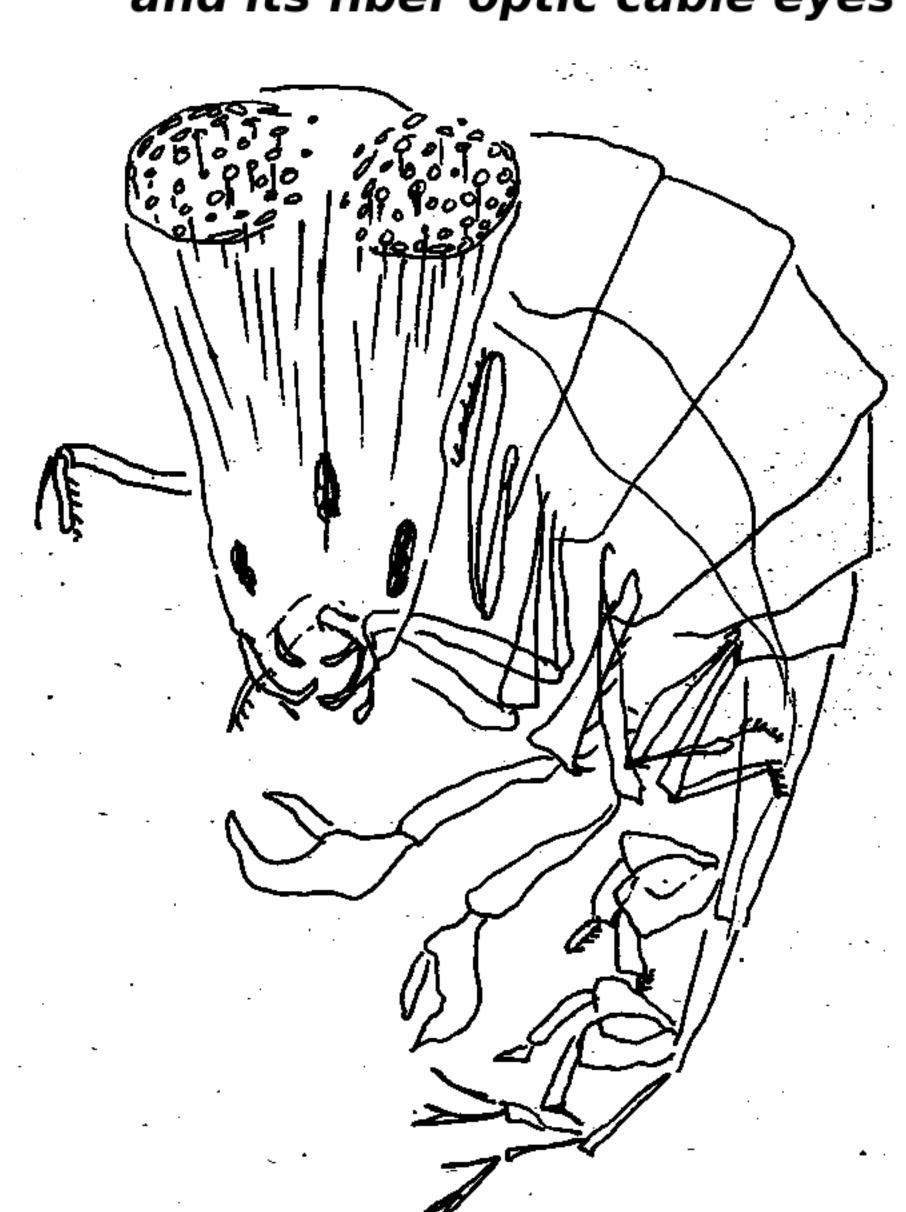
Seven of my coworkers, including Jeff and Alfie, sit next to the window, which is to say, against the west wall. Whenever anything of interest happens on the street, everyone looks out the window. We saw a group of contractors fight another group of contractors. Someone jumped into the East River, and we watched the police boats and the ambulances assemble. We saw a procession of helicopters fly over, one of which carried the country's president. Nobody goes to the window to look at the black sedans parked across the street, or their drivers, whose casual style I admire. They put their coffees on the hoods of their cars, lean against their cars, and talk to each other all afternoon. Once, I watched three men spend all afternoon trying to lower an industrial air conditioner from the roof above the black sedan men into their parking lot; the sedan men watched too. Some mornings, a man in pajamas who lives in the industrial air conditioner's building comes out to his balcony to drink coffee and make phone calls. The pajama man seems oblivious to the black sedan men, and they to him. It is unclear to me who of the people who do not work in my office who I observe or interact with in ways such as these are or aren't oblivious of me. It is unclear to me what kind of coffee they drink.

The office has a cleaning service that comes every other weekend. They broke the black coffee maker's urn, so we had to get a replacement. The old urn was smoothly curved, and ended in a narrow pouring lip. It had a black plastic lid. When pouring, it was difficult to prevent coffee from winding up on the black desk's glass top, or on the side of the urn. A ring of burned coffee outlines the shape of the old urn on the burner. The replacement is a OneAll brand urn designed to fit all twelve cup coffee makers. It is a cylindrical glass urn with a white plastic lid. It adequately fits the black Hamilton Beach coffee maker, but doesn't sit fully on the burner - it hovers outside the old urn's burnedin footprint - and it doesn't match. My relationship to the coffee coming from both urns is equivalent to my relationship to the bluegrass show on Sundays, which is to say that if what I am pouring from an urn is coffee I will drink in my office chair, this equals doing dishes from the night before if what is coming from the radio is music. Under this formulation, the Charlie Parker show is like an americano from a Bialetti made with Bustello enjoyed while I cook, and the four hour Jamaican music show is like a Bodum made with freshly ground beans enjoyed while I paint. I drink a Bodum in this way before work in the morning as I listen to the Charlie Parker show, and for a moment, I spread out.

Once, the cone-shaped filters for the Hamilton Beach coffee maker ran out. I had to search for them in the office-specialized grocery store. I found them deep underground, and waited for one of the cousins to say "Next" to me. I tend to tell the man who asks that I do not have change, due to a skewed equivalency in which I understand that whenever I ask someone something, I like to be answered. Near the end of the day in the restroom, an Italian man sometimes does dishes in the porcelain sink while talking loudly to his young son. When I witness this, it causes me to wonder how many times I have been in the restroom while the visitor who shreds toilet paper was near. I do not know if the Italian man works in my building. By the time I leave work at night, the black sedan men are gone. I always take the stairwell on the way out. I do not have a beard. . . .







Phronima is a bug that lives suspended in the middle of the ocean.

When your environment is water, to camouflage yourself is to become totally see-through.

Eyes become tricky then, because eyes work by absorbing light, making them, by definition, not see-through.

Phronima has compound eyes like a fly, but instead of absorbing light at the surface of its face, which would make huge opaque plaques, it catches the light and diverts it via ~2000 fiber optic cables to a smaller, concentrated, more discreet place in the center of its head.



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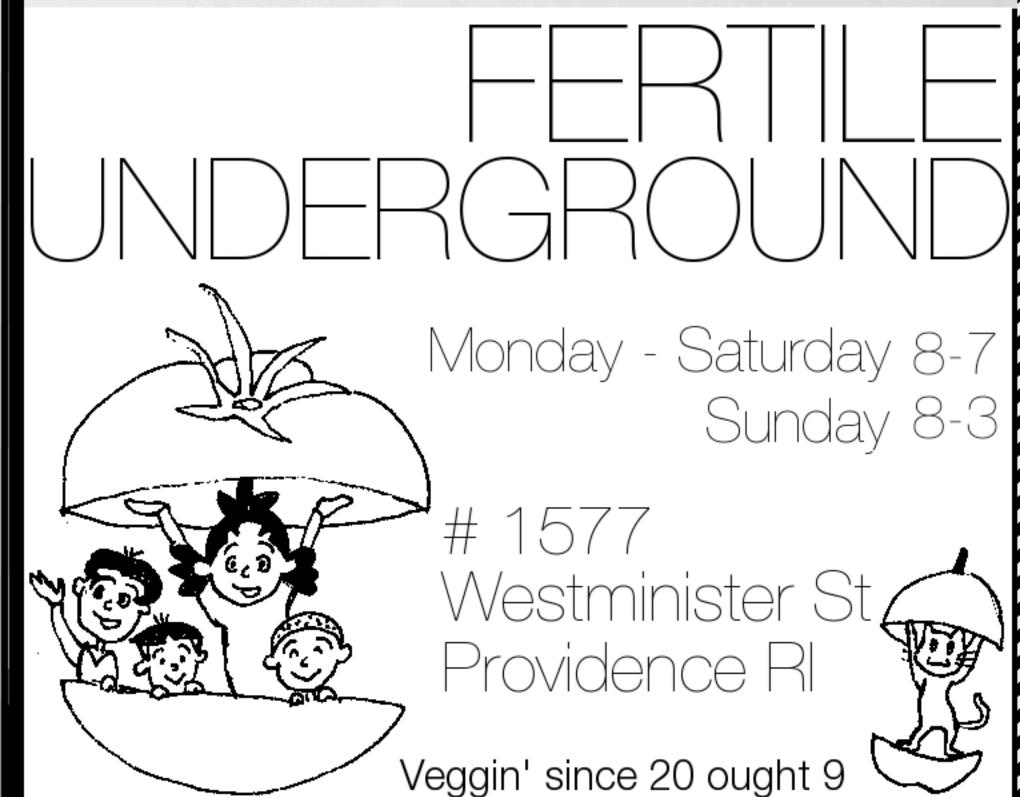
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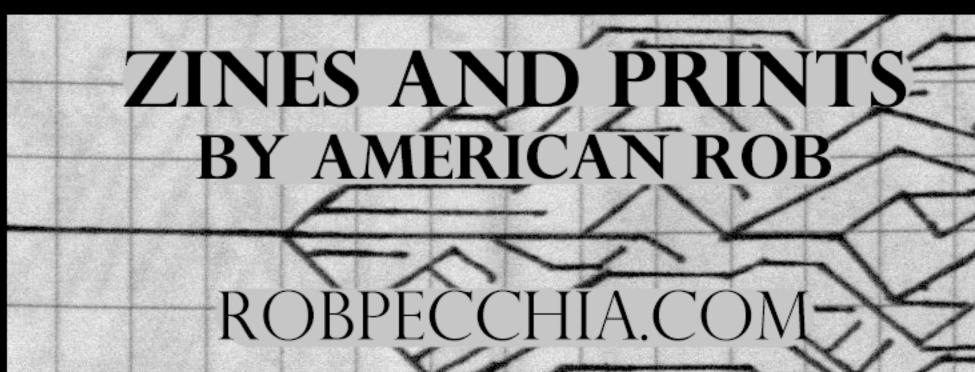
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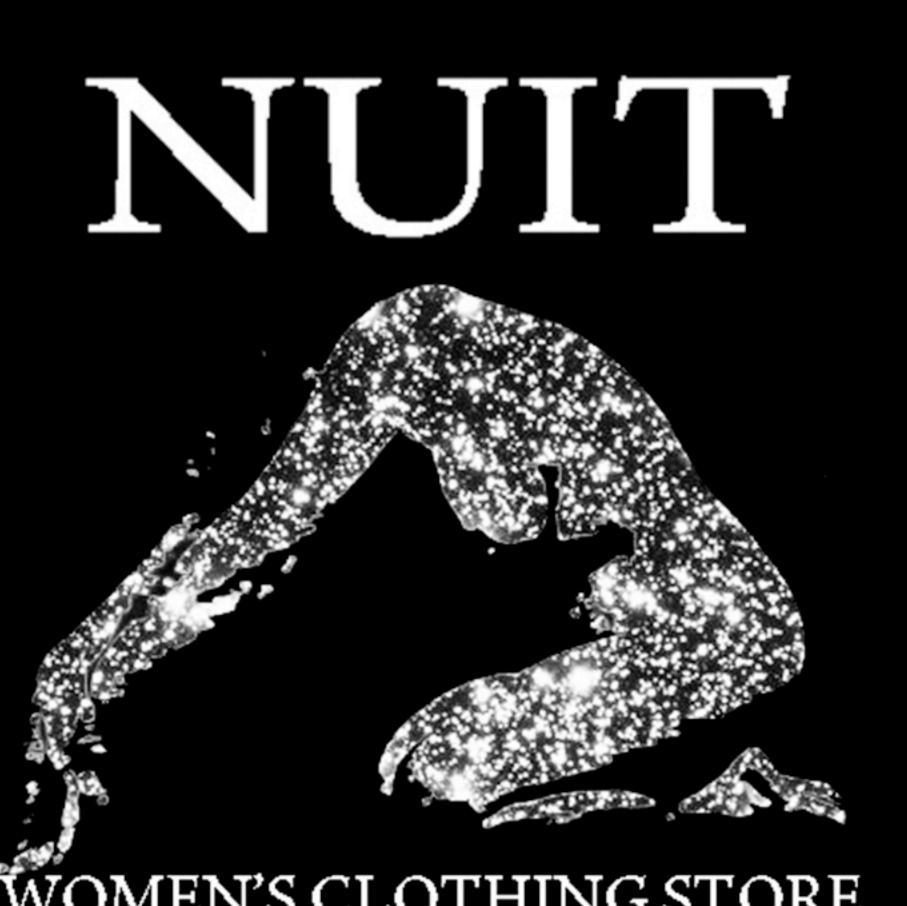
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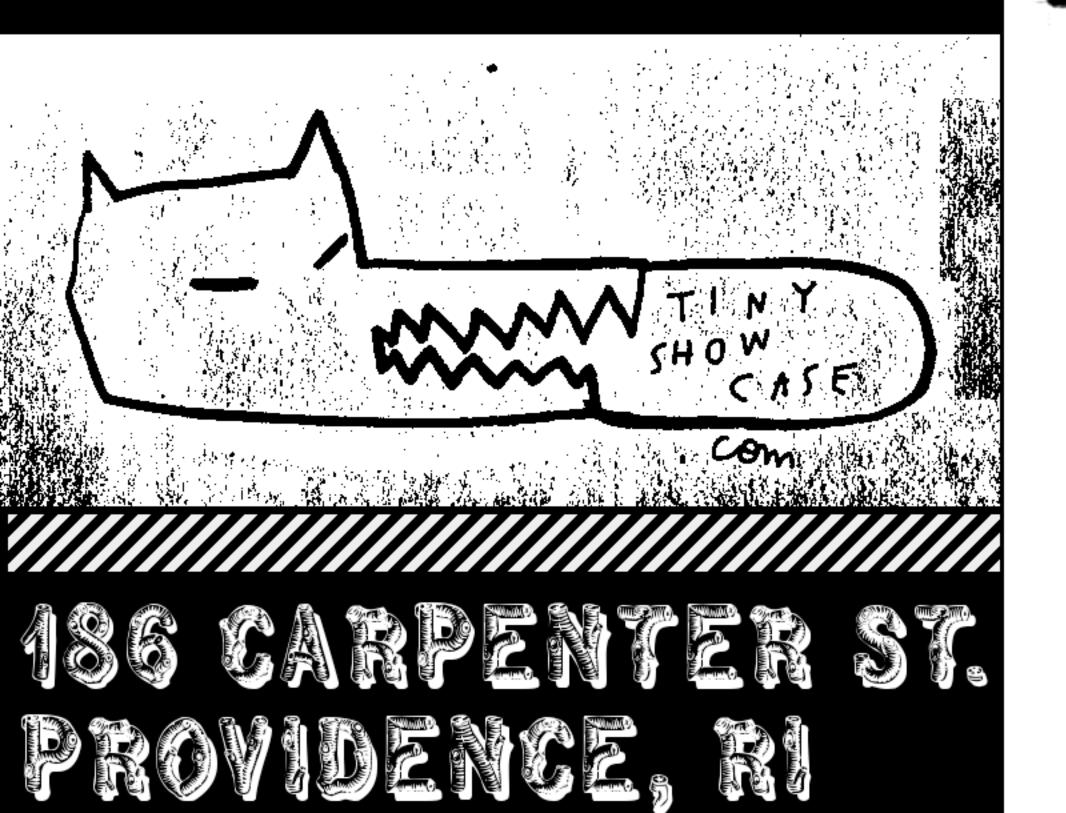
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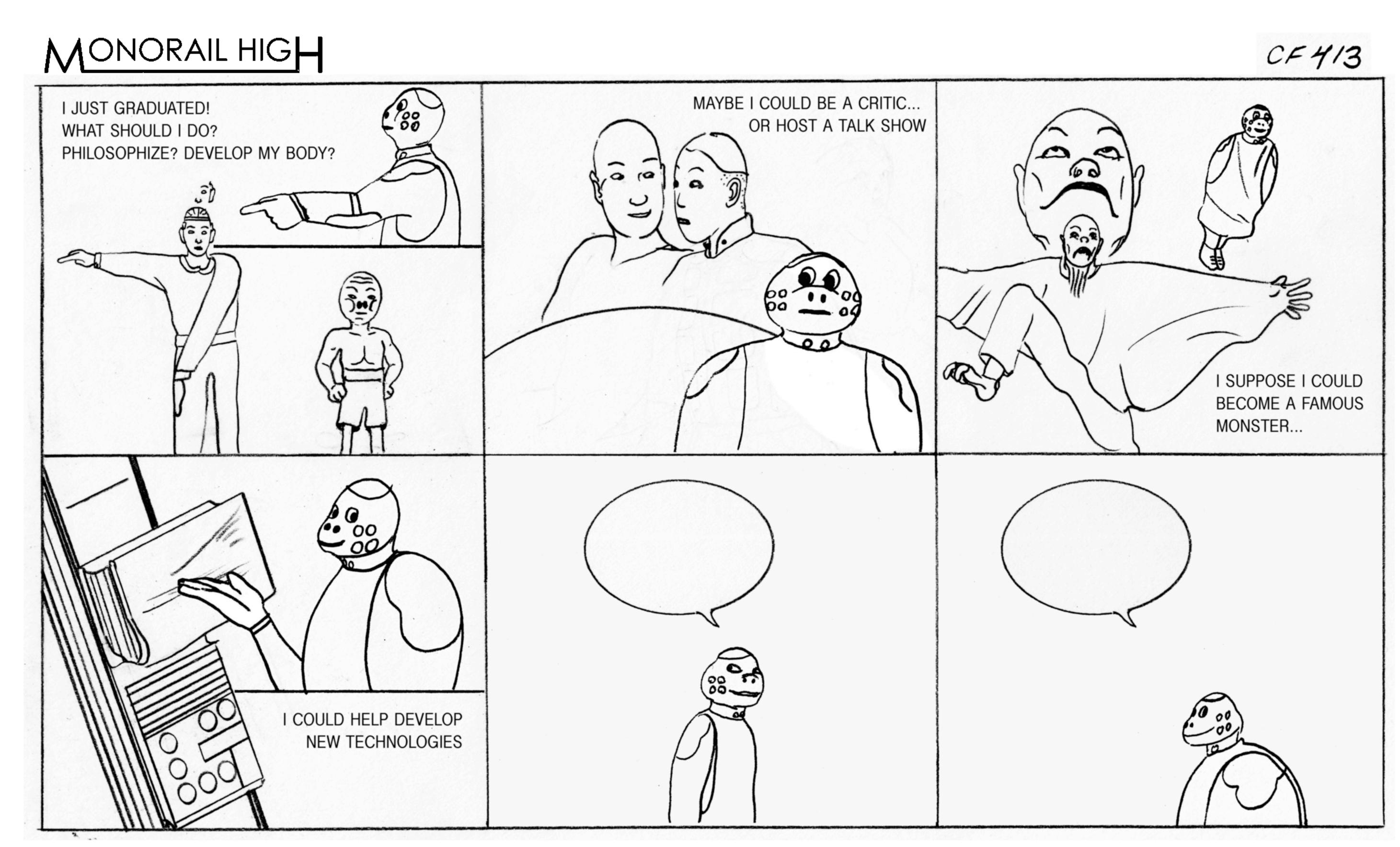
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by Mickey Zacchilli **GRAVEYARD DUCKS**



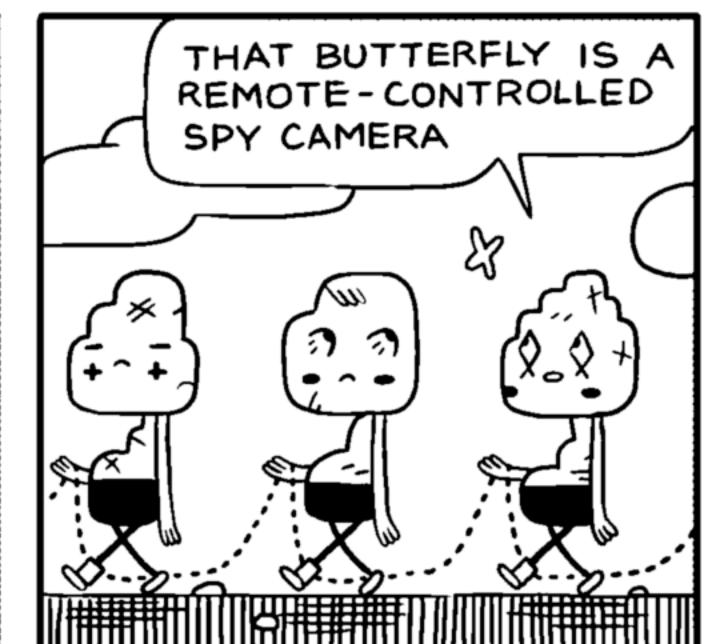




"MILITARY PRISON" MICHAEL DEFORGE

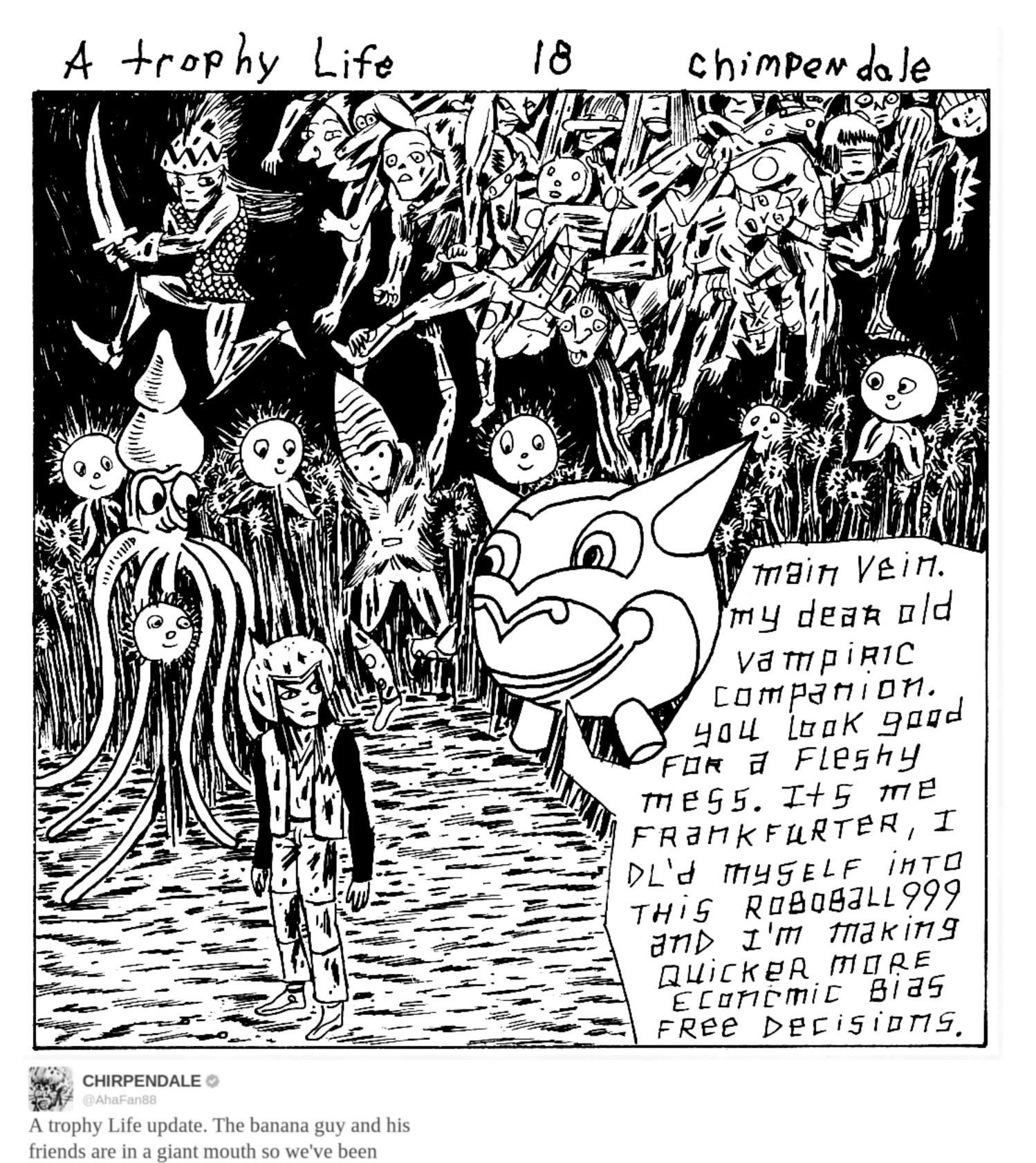














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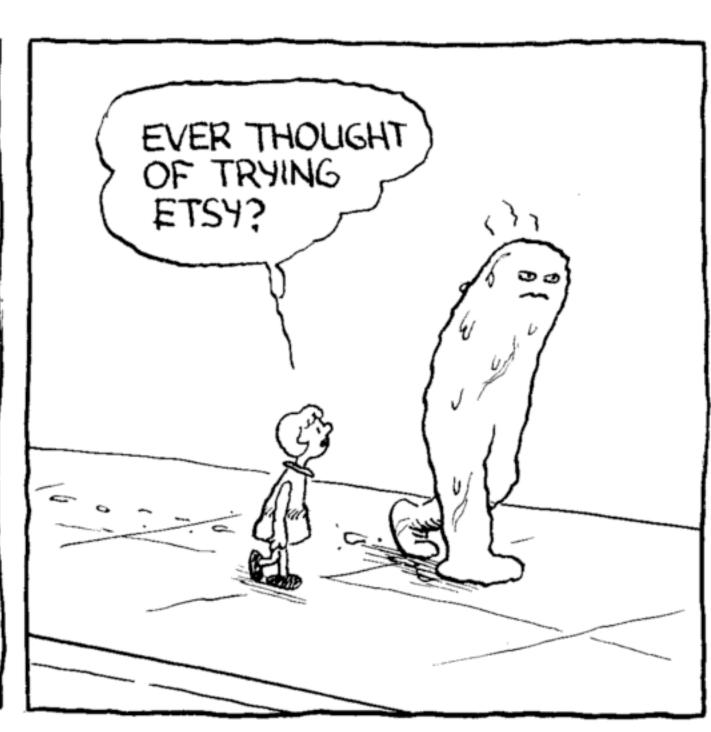
following the squid guy and his friends

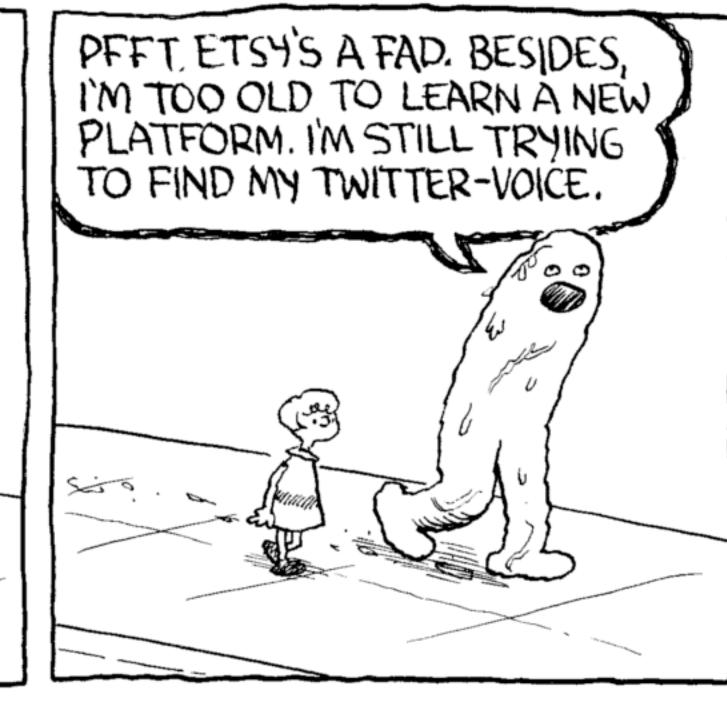
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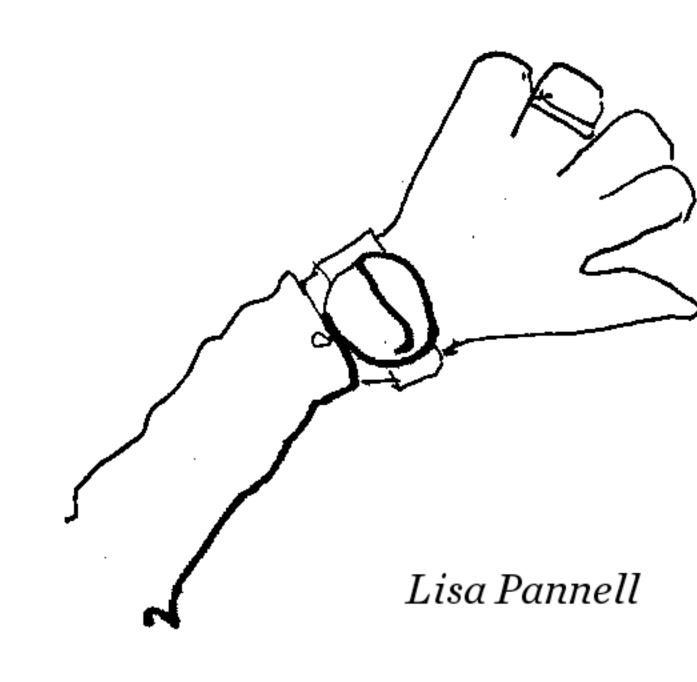






LINE-O-GRAPH WINNERS

from March



THE SAINT by Kate Schapira THE SAINT OF THE STATE OF THE ROAD OR GROUND

Have you ever noticed that in a lot of motor-cars, near the driver's seat, there is a little blue-and-silver picture? Sometimes it is all silver.

Sometimes the driveway blackens, damp swings on the gate. Wet flakes fall, or rain, saints turn up their headlights.

In the map your heart is taking the curves.
Sometimes you miss one in the borderlands.
Sometimes you get there with the help of the saints.

PROVIDENCE COMICS CONSORTIUM

NEW CHARACTER

EPIC FACE

by Shahid Lynch

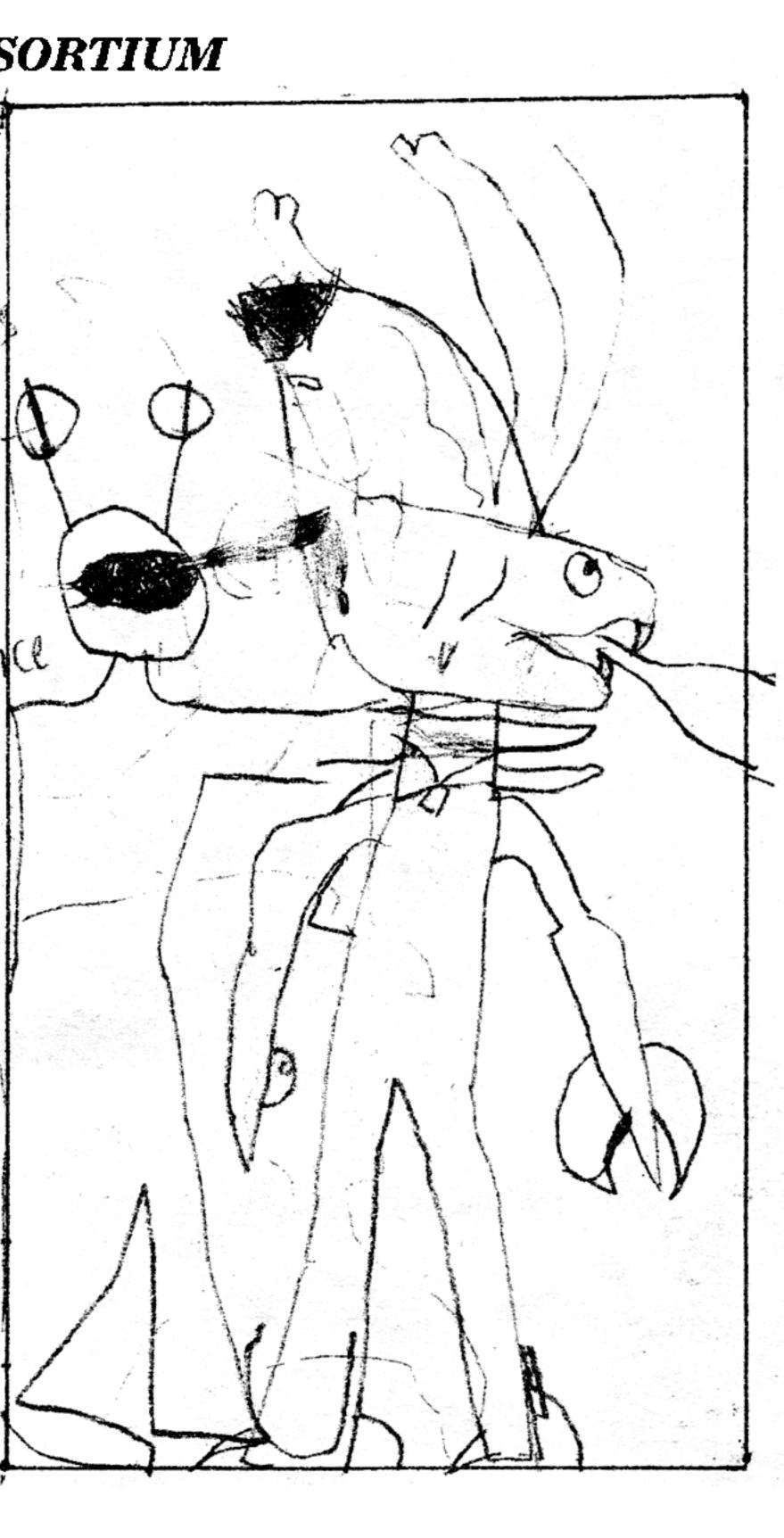
HEIGHT: 1000 feet
WEIGHT: 1000 pounds
HOMEBASE: underwater
POWERS: Mouth Lasers
WEAKNESS: Bunny's tongues

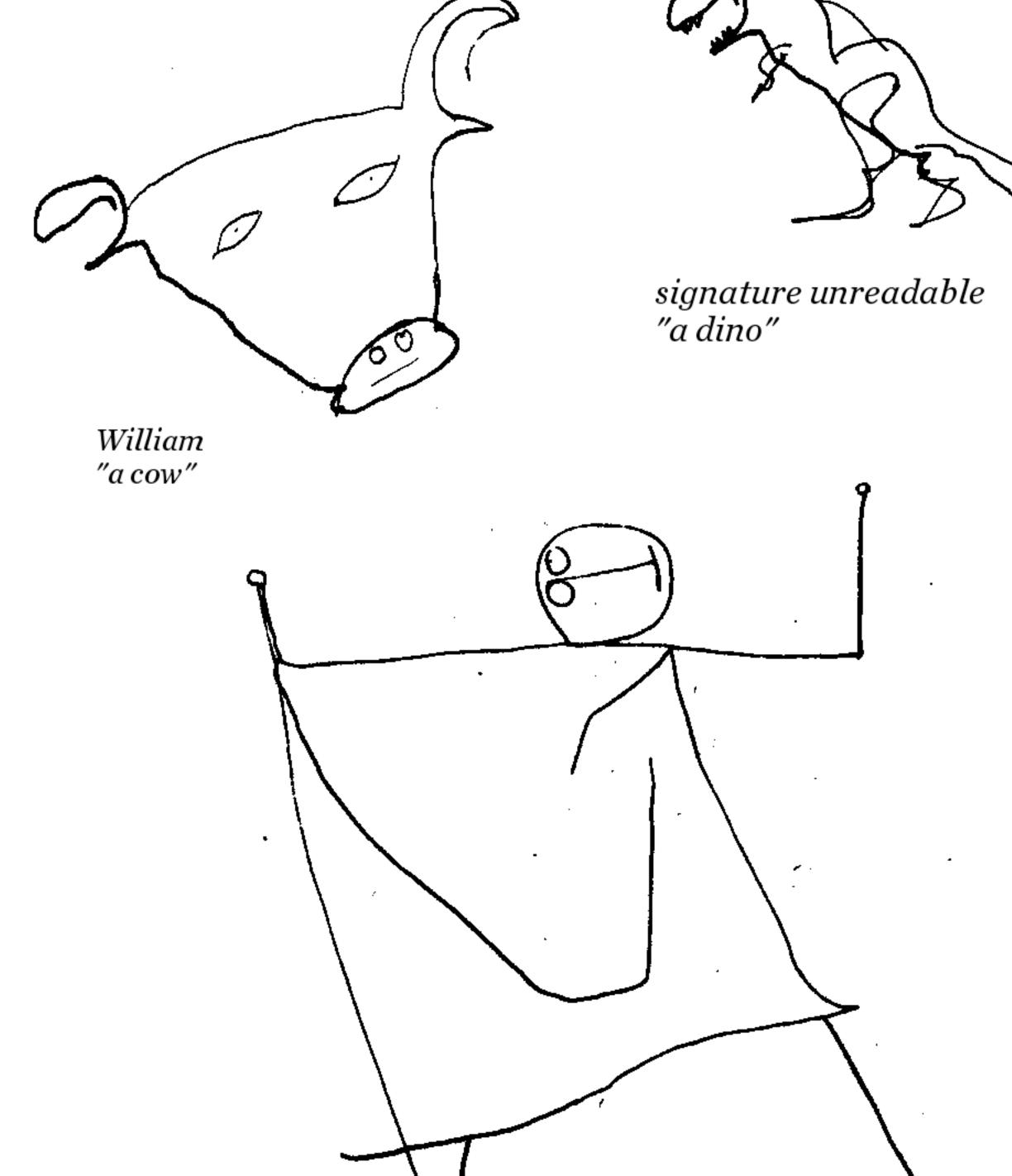
WANTS: World Peace FEARS: Whales

PRECIOUS Mother's Necklace

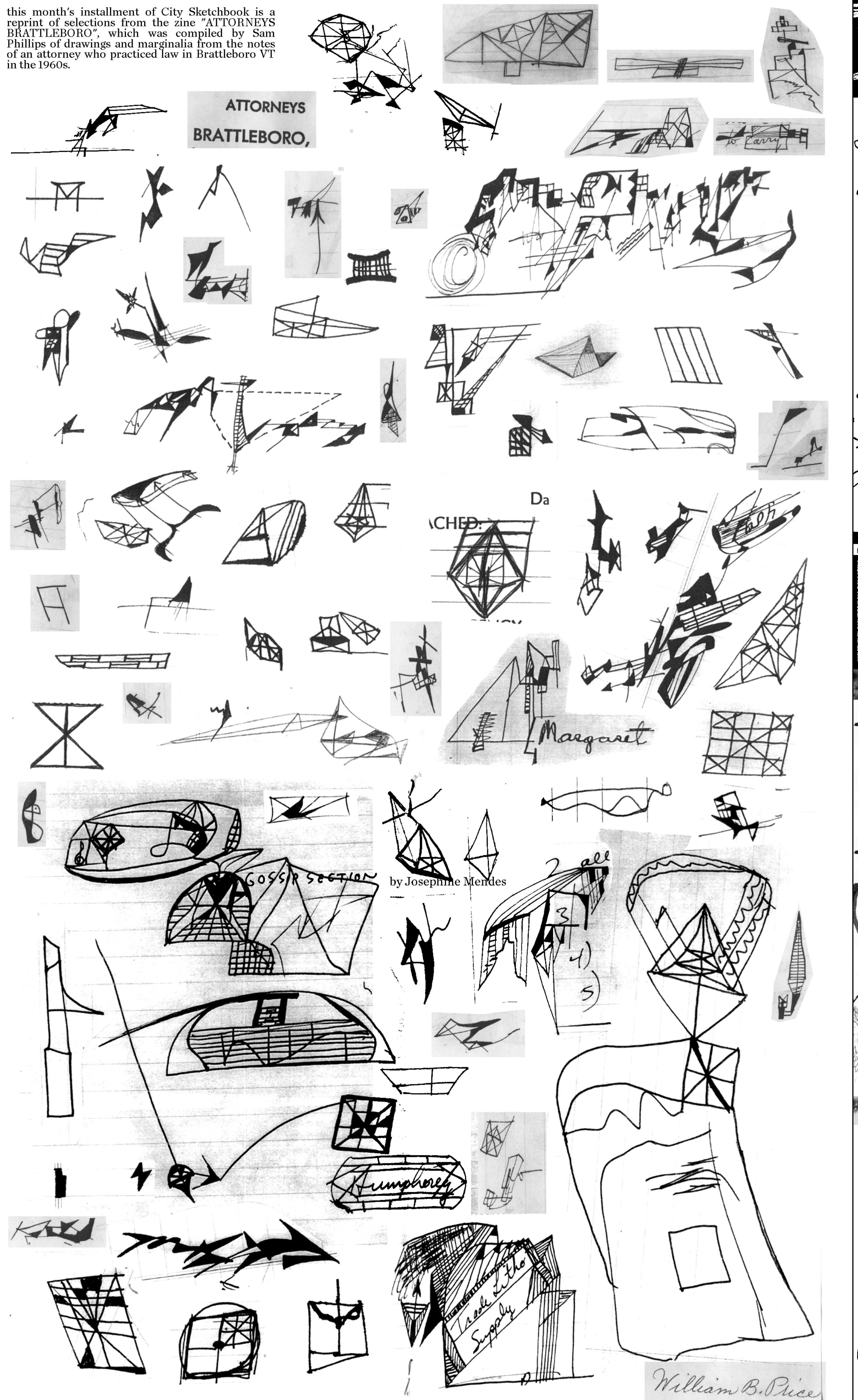
FRIENDS: Shaman

use this character in your own comics





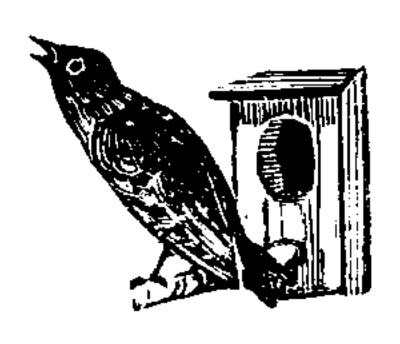
Paul Klee



SCENE REPORT CONT'S

In the dark you can still make out the bike path man from blocks away, as a black form in a poncho. At night he stands in the path, and sometimes he has a staff, like a wizard. Sometimes as I pass him and we always pass very close — he says nothing, and I get home and put on Jamaican music and start cooking, or eat dinner if it's already ready, and I begin to spread out for the night. While I cook, I think of the man who licked Jeff's beard, the cousins, the air conditioning men, the cleaning people, the toilet paper shredder, the Italian man and his boy, the pajama man on the balcony, the sedan men, and the wizard meeting at the bottom of the stairwell to smoke weed or eat popcorn before beginning their work together, on a project that must either subtly undermine or subtly support my own office's projects. Other times, as I ride past, the wizard says "Get out, get out, get out, get out..." and I found this very funny until I began to find it resonant, i.e., "having the ability to evoke or suggest enduring images, memories, or emotions." I imagine that my relationship to him is, to him, equivalent to his relationship to the commercials that play on his radio. I have never seen him drink coffee while sitting in

his chair. While I have listened to Jamaican music on headphones at the barcelona chairs, I have never had good coffee there, and though I spread out in my apartment on Saturday mornings with a Bodum, my kitchen chairs are straight-backed and made of wood. My relationship to the unattainable golden configuration of those three articles - Jamaican music, a Bodum, the barcelona chairs - as I paint on a Saturday is the inverse of my relationship to the likelihood that there will be a night when the wizard tells me to get out, and how it could conceivably appear as if I heard him, and did, never passing that way again. My radio station, WKCR, does not play commercials. Separate from my relationship to the music of Charlie Parker or the music of Jamaica, I prefer the commentary of the host of the Charlier Parker show, and consider my relationship with him to be mysteriously related to my relationship with my job. I do not wish to own a barcelona chair, which is to say that separate from my desire to achieve the golden configuration, I would rather be painting.



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